

A. England Commonwealth
K Parliament

CONFERENCE

BETWEEN THE

GHOST

OF THE

RUMP

AND

TOM TEL-TROTH.

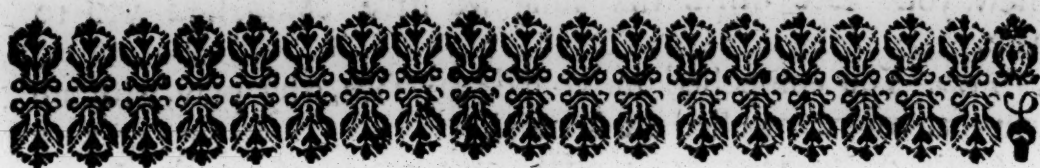
Together with her sad Complaint of
that dismall and totall Eclipse that is like to fall out on the
20th day of April, 1660.

GHOST

*Now like a gashly spright I do appear,
Who once in Pomp, this Common-wealth did Steere
Which way I pleas'd, But now at last I wot,
No Voice is for me, or my daughter Scot
To sit. Our falls decree'd, we must retire
From hence to flames of ever burning fire.*

*Printed for Mrs Nurse the Rumps late Matron, and are to be sold at
Kings-land-Court near the Bishoprick of Durham.*





A

CONFERENCE

BETWEEN THE
Ghost of M^{rs}. RVMP, and her
Adversary *Tom Tell-troth*.

Ghost. **W**Hat art thou that darst presume to appear on this sacred ground? whence come you thus booted and spur'd, I should know you, as being formerly acquainted with you, but 'tis so long that I have quite forgot thy name, pray let me crave it.

Tom. In the name of blackness what art thou that thus disturb'st the Peace of an honest passenger, by thy gashly countenance and shrill voice? Surely I am in *England!* or else I'm much mistaken, but this thy usage makes me doubt, for that I have so long been banished from my Native Country; Pray take compassion on a wandering stranger, and lead him not astray, he was sent to *England*, & if it be so that you prove a happy guide, his name shall soon be discovered to you.

Ghost. Tis *England, England!* which I and my confederates have usurped the Government of, and should have none still, had not the *Syren* voice of a cursed *Judas* betray'd me. But pray let me know your name?

Tom. Why then to put you out of doubt, my name is *Tom Tell-troth*, that have been banished for conscience sake out of my Native Country above eleven years.

Ghost. Oh *Tom*, it seems then you have a time wherein you may

A 2

may

P. B. 36.

K.

shew your face which thus long we have compelled you to hide.

Tom. You compelled me to hide my face, why pray, what are you that have compelled me so much?

Ghost. Why have you then forgotten your Sovereign Rump that cast you into your long Exzile.

Tom. I know well enough there was the Fagg end of a Parliament set at the Stearn at *Westminster* when I was forc'd to flie, but little thought I they had removed their Senate house from thence to this place. But pray tell me are you that Power (Rump as you call your self) if so ile assure you something is in the wind: have you of late been humbled for your sins, or whats the matter you have chosen such a lowly house to sit in such Malencholly weeds to adorn you withall.

Ghost. Full fore against our wills are we confined to this station, we nourished a bird to pluck out our own eyes, who under pretence of removing a late obstruction coucht upon us, hath totally extirpated us from our habitation, vile Traytor and disloyal Subject as he is, we come to thee for judgement, and if as truth thou art thou wilt but Cohere to us and be so prevalent with the English People, as if thou pleasest we know thou canst, we will not tell thee how well we will reward thee.

Tom. And are you met withall at last: and have you no place to settle your Rump upon? ho! ho! it makes my worship smile, I did think as much that your Ambitious wings at last either would be clipt, melted, singed, or subjected to some other disafterous chance, and are you caught in one of your own traps, a Jest worthy to be filed upon the Records of *Will Summers*.

Ghost. Nay prithy *Tom* (for now I can think of your name, for my own ends) do not flout so: you may endanger my health: for I am late escaped from the perils of a hard and terrible teaming if ever pity moved you, have compassion on a poot distressed weak despised friendless Rump.

Tom. Why what would you have me do for you?

Ghost. Onely help me up the stairs in *Westminster Hall* that lead you know whether, for I am so weak I am not able to stand, much lesse to go alone, and notwithstanding my weakness for *necessitas non legem habet* if I take not possession again before the 20.

of

of *April* next, I loose my right by the Lawes of the Nation and am undone for ever; therefore good *Tom* pittie the case of a poor sick and weak Rump.

Tom. Alas I cannot contribute any thing to your relief, for if I should put forth any thing to vindicate your innocency and harmlesness, and witness against the illegallity of your extirpation, the people would stone me for a false and lying prophet, and not receive it as the Oracle of Tom-telroth.

Ghost. Well hazard that, we know the simple meaning of the people so well, that if you will but regeſter us in your table book we shall immediately be invested with the Robes of Saints again, by the honest simple people of *England*.

Tom. Well Adinit I should play the Doctor for once and make your feeble Rump sit again, what can you say for your selves for demeaning your selves in your office if you chance to nestle there again?

Ghost. Oh we will become the mildest of Rulers, and the mercifullest of Governours, wee'l ease the Nation of all the heavy burthens we have brought upon her, which none can remove so well as we have laid them on, wee'l vanish oppression and covetousness far from our Land, and utterly blot them out of our remembrance and will make glad the heart of all men from the Plowmen to the Merchant, and make her a Land that shall flow with milk, and trading shall flow in so great an abundauce that men shall not be able to find places to hoard up their treasure, all these and what else may be desired will we perform. Honest *Tom* play thou the man and we care not.

Tom. Nay but hold a little, two words goes to a bargain, I do not intend to buy a pigg in a poak neither: you have made a very fair speech and when I have construed it I can say something to you, you say you will become the cruelest of Rulers and the unmercifullest of Governours or Tyrants, you will ease the Nation of all the heavie Burthens that is of all the money, plate, gold, Jewels and whatsoever riches she has saved from your ravenous and insatiate pawes, because none can remove them so well as you, that you mean by your new found wayes of Sequestration, Taxes, imposition, Excise, unreasonable Customes, Monopolies and other new found fangles of your own braines, you will establish
oppreſ-

oppression and covetousness in a far greater light in the Land then ever, and most vigorously revive them in the Book of your remembrance, will you make glad the hearts of all men from the Plowman to the Merchant, *viz.* such as are joynts of the Rump but none else, but will make sorrow prove the sops of both the Church and States man, and give your phanatick puritie such a large liberty of conscience that without dispute then the Churches indeed shall suffer Martyrdom, and the Bells shall serve for Coyn to cheat the people whilst you follow the rule of *Hasterigg* and *Prednaux* in hoarding up the good mettall-baggs, the States man let you alone to plague and punish for he shall live by the sustenance of Gall and bitterness which shall be all the milk and hony shall flow in the Land, from your store houses by trading, Is meant the Lobstertorean trading with the people upon free quarter whereby their gains will be so great that they may put the same in their eyes and see never the worse, and thereby they will be (I must confesse) much puzzled to find out such small places of hoarding up as their gained treasure will require, and at last you conclude very notably all this, and what else may be desired you will perform, tis not at all by me doubted but that you will perform the contempt now, how do you think if I should take the pains to Register you and set you forth in your colours the people will be either so mad and foolish to trust or believe you, therefore rest your selves contented for believe and you have had a fair time of it 10. or 11. years my masters what have ye no reason at all: there's reason in roasting of Eggs, pray let me go for I fear if you detain me any longer upon this helpless and vain account I shall at last learn the Language of the Beast, yon see 'tis dark and I'm a stranger in this Land, so that I scarce know my own father when I met him, he has so altered his tongue since I have saw him last and to tell you the truth, I have never a peny in my purse to buy a light, and I fear you will hardly afford me one out of your bounteous negerallitie therefore it is but reason you grant me a conductor and none so fit as *Atkins* that I may smell my way like a blood-Hound what say ye Gentlewomen can you grant my request.

Ghost. I grant it onely let me sprinkle you with a little holy water, which it may be may purge you from your filthiness, and
open

open your eyes to have a right reflexion on me , for your last exposition has only grounded a conceit in me, that the change of the Climate has formed you and intollerable Lunatick, nurse *Haslerigg* bring me hither a Bottle of sweet water of Mrs. *Scots* own distilling that I may make this churle an aderifferous Gentleman : Quick, you see 'tis late.

Nurse. Here's the Bottle pray sprinkle him to the purpose or not at all.

Ghost. Nay *Tom* : What wo't not have a dram you know not the excellencie thereof.

Tom. Pray tell not me of your poisoning stufte de' think I'm mad to be charmed : if you will grant my request if not ile groble out my way ith' dark following the sent of this thick Vapour.

Ye cold *A---st* Rump that sat so long for nought had you your Egg to perfection brought you had not thus forlorne been left god wot to the mercy of the rope and slaughtering knott and farwel for I came but to tell yon a few true jests of your own Coyning.

One of the Ghosts Emissaries. Oh what a wonderfull thing is this that men should know all our actions , and dive so into the secret of hearts to tell what I did in my life ; Could better *Lip-solve* been used then I applyed for the salving up the sore of the Common-wealths destruction, and yet in his construction he should hint so netlingly and truely at every particullar point of our intentions, so well vail'd by me , but I cry ye mercy his name is Tell-truth, I did not think he had his name for nothing, for had he been a thousand time in thee Mrs. *Rump* , he could not have spoken more prophetickly then he has, well : I see there's no hopes of recovery ile return to my infernal habitation, for its in vain to prosecute the Design any further for a hundred to one , but he has blazed the truth of all before now, and has given all men time to provide for encountring us.

G H O S T.

*Before ile go to my infernal place
Of torment, ile adventure here a space,
And like the Phenix will at last expire
And build a nest shall make the world admire,*

of

Of pure refined glistering yellow Gold,
 And choicest Gems which now my Offers hold,
 And there ile flutter with Icarus wings,
 Upon my Nest till all those glittering things,
 By bright Sols Beams shall swiftly operate,
 My Rumpish body there shall penetrate;
 And make me drop from th' top of th' lofty Tree,
 Such Ashes, that a Phenix like to me
 Shall soon appear; With that a horrid cry
 She gave, and made the very Earth to fly
 About, and streight at least a thousand more
 Black Fiends appear'd the like ne'r seen before,
 With thundring, lightning, flashes from the Sky
 And Smoaking stinks, Toms valour for to try,
 Which Tom beholding, in a grivous fright
 Departing nimble bid the Ghost Good-night.

Finis Coronet Opus.

